

A ioyful newv Ballad, declaring the happie obtaining of the great Galleazzo, wherein Don Pietro de Valdez was the chiefe, through the mightie power and providence of God, being a speciall token of his gracious and fatherly goodnes towards vs, to the great encouragement of all those that willingly fight in the defence of his gospel and our good Queene of England.

To the Tune of Mounsetirs Almaigne.



O Noble England,
fall downe upon thy knees:
And praise thy God with thankfull hart
which still maintaineth thee.
The sovraine forces,
that takes thy better spoile:
Shall then through his especiall grace
be brought to shamefull soile.
With mightie power
they come unto our coast:
To ouer runne our countrie quite,
they make their bags and boast.
In strength of men
they set their onely stay:
But we upon the Lord our God,
will put our trust alway.

Great is their number,
of ships upon the sea:
And their provision wonderfull,
but Lord thou art our stay.
Their armed souldiers
are many by account:
Their aiders che in this attempt,
doe sunbyle waies surmount.
The hope of Rome
with many blessed grained:
So sanctify their bad pretense
belowed both cost and paines.
But little land,
be not dismayde at all:
The Lord no doubt is on our side,
which none will worke their fall.

In happie honre,
our foes we did oisery:
And vnder saile with gallant winde
as they cam passing by.
Which suddaine tidings,
to Plymouth bring brought:
Full soone our Lord high Admirall,
for to pursue them sought.
And to his traine,
cojagiously he saide:
Now for the Lord and our good Queene,
to fight be not afraide.
Regard our cause,
and play your partes like men:
The Lord no doubt will prosper vs,
in all our actions then.

This great Galleazzo,
which was so huge and hye:
That like a bulwarke on the sea,
did seeme to each mans eye.
There was it taken,
unto our great reliefe:
And diuers Nobles in which traine
Don Pietro was the chiefe.
Stronge was the flust,
with Cannons great and small:
And other instruments of warre,
which we obtained all.
A certaine signe,
of good successe we trust:
That God will ouerthrow the rest,
as he hath done the first.

Then did our Panie,
pursue the rest amaine:
With roaring noise of Cannons great,
till they neere Callice came:
With manly courage,
they followed them so fast:
Another mightie Gallion,
did seeme to yeld at last.
And in distresse,
for sauegard of their liues:
A flag of truce they dyhang out,
with many mournfull cries:
Which when our men,
did perfectly espie:
Some little Barkes they sent to her,
to board her quickly.

But these false Spaniards,
estimating them but weakie:
When they within their danger came,
their malice forth did breake.
With charged Cannons,
they laide about them then:
For to destroy those proper Barkes
and all their valiant men.
Which when our men,
perceiued so to be:
Like Lions fierce they forward went,
to quere this iurie.
And bounding them,
with strong and mightie hand:
They hit the men untill their Arke,
did sinke in Callice sand.

The chiefeest Captaine,
of this Gallion so hye:
Don Hugo de Moncaldo he,
within this fight did die.
Who was the Generall,
of all the Gallions great:
But through his brynes w pouders force,
a Bullet strong did beat.
And manie moze,
by sword did lose their breath:
And manie moze within the sea,
did swimme and take their death.
Where might you see,
the salt and sowing sand:
Died and staine like scarlet red,
with stoe of Spanishe blood.

This mightie vessel,
was threescore yards in length:
Spott wonderfull to each mans eye,
for making and for strength.
In her was placed,
an hundreth Cannons great:
And mightily provided eke,
with bread-cozne wine and meat.
There was of Dates,
two hundreth I weene:
Threescore fots and twelue in length,
well measured to be seene.
And yet subdued,
with manie others moze:
And not a Ship of ours lost,
the Lord be thank therfore.

Our pleasant countrie,
so fruitfull and so faire:
They doe intend by deadly warre,
to make both poore and bare.
Our towncs and cities,
to rache and sacke likewise:
To kill and murder man and wife,
as malice doth arise.
And to deflower
our virgins in our sight:
And in the crable cruelly
the tender babe to smite.

Gods holy truth,
they meane for to cast downe:
And to depriue our noble Queene,
both of her life and crowne.

Our wealth and riches,
which we enioyed long:
They doe appoint their pray and spoile,
by crueltie and wrong.
To set our houses
a fier on our heades:
And cursedly to cut our throates,
as we lye in our beds.
Our childrens brynes,
to dash against the ground:
And from the earth our memo:ie,
for euer to confound.
To charge our ioy,
to griefe and mourning sad:
And neuer more to see the dayes,
of pleasure we haue had.

But God almightie
be blessed euermoze:
Who doth encourage Englishmen,
to beate them from our shoare.
With roaring Cannons,
their battie steps to stay:
And with the force of thundering shot
to make them flye away.
Who made account,
before this tyme of day:
Against the walles of faire London,
their banners to display.
But their intent,
the Lord will bring to nought:
If faithfully we call and cry,
for succour as we ought.

And you deare bretheren,
which beareth Armes this day:
For sauegarde of your native soile,
marke well what I shall say.
Regarde your duties,
thinke on your countries god:
And feare not in defense thereof,
to spend your dearest blood.
Our gracious Quene
doth grete you euery one:
And saith she will among you be,
in euery bitter Royme.
Desiring you,
true English harts to beare:
To God, and her, and to the land,
wherein you nursed were.

Lord God almightie,
which hath the harts in hand:
Of euery perion to dispose
defend this English land.
Blesse thou our Soueraigne
with long and happie life:
Indue her Councel with thy grace,
and end this moztall strife.
Due to the rest,
of Commons moze and lesse:
Louing harts, obedient minds,
and perfect faithfullnesse.
That they and we,
and all with one accord:
On Sion hill may sing the praise,
of our most mightie Lord.

FINIS. T. D.

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